

(Dody Goodman)

MARY HARTMAN,  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #24

by

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FINAL DRAFT  
January 6, 1976



CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY . . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
CHARLIE . . . . .	GRAHAM JARVIS
LORETTA . . . . .	MARY KAY PLACE
MAE . . . . .	SALOME JENS
CLETE MEIZENHEIMER . . . . .	MIKE LEMBECK
DR. FERMIN . . . . .	OLIVER CLARK
LT. TRASK . . . . .	
SISTER BERNADETTE . . . . .	
UNIFORMED POLICEMAN . . . . .	
TV CAMERAMAN . . . . .	

SETS

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ACT ONEROADSIDE - HALF HOUR AFTER EPISODE #23 (NIGHT)

THE SCENE IS LIT BY POLICE FLOOD-LIGHTS. LORETTA IS LYING ON THE GROUND, UNCONSCIOUS. CHARLIE, WITH CUTS AND ABRASIONS BUT FULLY MOBILE, IS KNEELING BY HER, OUT OF HIS SKULL WITH WORRY AND CONCERN. A NUMBER OF NUNS ARE LYING ABOUT, UNCONSCIOUS AND DISHEVELED, MOST UNDER BLANKETS. SISTER BERNADETTE IS CONFUSED AND DISHEVELED BUT MOBILE. LT. TRASK IS IN CHARGE OF THE FUZZ. CLETE MEIZENHEIMER WITH MICROPHONE AND TV CAMERAMAN WITH PORTABLE CAMERA HAVE MADE THE SCENE.

CLETE

(TO TV CAMERAMAN) We'll be on the air  
in ten seconds. How do I look?

TV CAMERAMAN

Muss up your hair a little.

CLETE MUSSES UP HIS HAIR.

CLETE

How's that?

TV CAMERAMAN

Great.

CLETE

Okay, frame me in a medium close shot...

(MORE)

## CLETE (CONT'D)

(TO MICROPHONE) This is your action reporter, Clete Meizenheimer, at the scene of the accident which this reporter informed you of exclusively from the Channel Five Action-mobile while en route to the scene. The location is eight miles south of the Fernwood city limits on Highway Four. I have been able to determine that the collision took place between an automobile occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haggars of Fernwood and a station wagon full of nuns. The police have determined that Sister Bernadette, the driver of the station wagon full of nuns, was not under the influence of alcohol at the time of the collision. This reporter is able to confirm that determination, having learned exclusively from Sister Bernadette that the four bottles of wine discovered in the station wagon had been purchased for sacramental purposes only and were still sealed at the time of the accident.

(MORE)



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(MORE)

## CLETE (CONT'D)

This reporter has also learned exclusively that no charges will be brought against Charles Haggars, the driver of the other vehicle in which his wife, Loretta Haggars, sustained as yet undetermined injuries. Ambulances are en route. Regular viewers of this station will remember that they almost saw Loretta Haggars, a semi-professional singer, who recently completed an engagement at the Capri Lounge of the Capri Bowling Alleys. A telecast of her performance had been scheduled on this station but was cancelled so that we could bring you our tape-delayed coverage of the press conference called by Councilman Pedro Zapata to deny charges of irregularity in the Department of Animal Regulations.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE AND LORETTA

CHARLIE

Loretta, honey. Honey. Speak to me.  
Speak to me. Loretta. Honey. It's  
me. Charlie. Your husband.

BUT LORETTA IS UNCONSCIOUS.

ANGLE ON BERNADETTE AND TRASK

A UNIFORMED COP WITH NOTEBOOK STANDS BY.

TRASK

Sister Bernadette, can you give us the names of the passengers in your vehicle?  
(ASIDE TO COP) Take this down.

BERNADETTE

Well, there was Sister Teresa. (LOOKING OFF) She's the one under the third -- no, the second -- blanket from the left. And Sister Veronica: the next blanket, counting this way.

TRASK

Excuse me, Sister, but how can you tell who's who with just their feet sticking out?

BERNADETTE

Sister Teresa wears orthopedic shoes and Sister Veronica has metal taps on her heels. She teaches tap dancing to black children in the ghetto. She studied dancing and was planning on a career in vaudeville before she took her vows.

TRASK

Well, never mind pointing them out. Just give us their names.

BERNADETTE

Well, there's Sister Margaret, Sister Angelica...

COP

(WHO HAS BEEN WRITING; TO TRASK) Do I have to write "sister" in front of all these names?

TRASK

Just take the names. Go ahead, Sister.

BERNADETTE

Well, there's Sister Florence and Sister Briget and Sister Catherine, and I guess that's all.

TRASK

Thank you. Now about how the accident happened...

BERNADETTE

(REMEMBERING) Oh, Sister Florence wasn't allowed to make the trip. Mother Superior was displeased with her because she broke the vow of silence. On the tennis court.

TRASK

(TO COP) Cross our Sister Florence.

(TO BERNADETTE) Now about the accident...

BERNADETTE

I'm sure we weren't at fault.

TRASK

But you came around that curve at a...



BERNADETTE

(INTERRUPTS) We were all singing "Jesu,  
Joy of Man's Desiring" so we couldn't  
have been doing any wrong.

ANGLE ON LORETTA AND CHARLIE

CHARLIE

(KNEELING AGAIN BESIDE LORETTA) Honey.  
Loretta. Speak to me.

LORETTA OPENS HER EYES.

LORETTA

(SOUNDING VERY MUCH HER NORMAL SELF)  
Hi, Baby Boy... What happened?

CHARLIE

We had an accident. Hit a station wagon  
full of nuns.

LORETTA

A station wagon full of nuns? Is that  
a sin?

CHARLIE

Maybe for a Catholic, but we're not  
Catholic.

LORETTA

Oh, that's good. I mean under the  
circumstances. No offense meant to  
the Catholics.

CHARLIE

(STILL VERY AGITATED) Loretta, are you all right? Does anything hurt? Did you break anything?

LORETTA

Nothing hurts, Baby Boy. I don't feel a thing. I'm just numb all over.

CHARLIE

(ALARM INCREASED) Numb all over??

LORETTA CLOSES HER EYES AND QUIETLY  
PASSES INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Loretta. Baby. Honey. (RUBS HER HANDS  
-- TO NO EFFECT. ALARM INCREASED, HE  
CALLS -- OFF) Hey, you, policemen!  
Where's that ambulance?? We can't let  
this little lady die here! She's my  
baby! (TO LORETTA) Baby, baby, wake up.  
They don't want you in Heaven. (LOOKS  
UP TO HEAVEN) You got all the music you  
need up there in Heaven, ain't you, Lord?  
We need her voice here on earth. Besides,  
she's a country-western singer. She  
needs guitar backing. And maybe a small  
rhythm section. She couldn't sing for  
you with harp accompaniment.

SFX: APPROACHING SIREN

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOMARY'S BEDROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER (NIGHT)

AFTER SEX. BEDSIDE LAMP IS ON.  
MARY AND TOM IN BED, EACH ON HIS OWN  
PILLOW. THE ATMOSPHERE IS A WHOLE  
HELL OF A LOT DIFFERENT THAN WHEN  
LAST WE SAW THESE TWO TOGETHER. THE  
SEX MUST HAVE BEEN GREAT FOR TOM:  
HE IS SATISFIED AND SELF-SATISFIED.  
HE IS ENJOYING A CIGARETTE. MARY IS  
LYING QUIETLY BUT HER VIBES ARE NOT  
THE SAME AS HIS. SHE IS ACTUALLY  
DEEP IN THOUGHT, SO DEEP THAT HER  
HEAD IS NOT QUITE HERE AS WE SEE  
WHEN:)

TOM

You want a cigarette?

MARY

No -- I don't feel like smoking.

TOM

How come?

MARY

I just don't.

TOM

But, Mary, when you've enjoyed yourself --  
you know, like after a good cup of coffee --  
you have to have a cigarette. And we just  
enjoyed ourselves -- really enjoyed ourselves.  
I mean it was skyrockets! (TWINGE OF DOUBT)  
Was there anything wrong?



MARY

Tom, please.

TOM

Mary, the way it was going, I thought it was skyrockets for you, too.

MARY

Well...

TOM

Well, what?

MARY

I couldn't get my mind off Mae.

TOM

You mean it wasn't skyrockets for you?

MARY

That's not what I said.

TOM

Well, was it skyrockets for you?

MARY

I don't know which came first, the skyrockets or Mae.

TOM

Never mind Mae.

MARY

I can't never mind Mae.

TOM

Just answer one simple question. Which came first, I mean in your head, the skyrockets or Mae. I want to know. It's important.

MARY

(WHO REALLY WANTS TO STOP THIS) The  
skyrockets: they came before Mae.

TOM BUYS THAT AND IS PATENTLY PLEASED  
BY IT. BUT WE SEE MARY'S HAND HANG-  
ING DOWN OVER THE EDGE OF THE BED --  
AND HER FINGERS ARE CROSSED.

TOM

Well, okay then. That just goes to  
prove that you...

SFX: PHONE RINGS

TOM (CONT'D)

Who do you suppose that is at this hour  
of the night?

HE GIVES MARY A LITTLE KISS EN ROUTE  
TO ANSWERING THE PHONE.

THE FOLLOWING IS TWO-WAY WITH MAE,  
LOOKING QUITE CONCERNED, SMOKING,  
IN ROBE, IN HER APARTMENT.

TOM

Hello.

MAE

Tom, this is Mae. Are you busy?

TOM

(PUT OUT) Do you know what time it is?

MARY

Who is it?

TOM MOTIONS TO MARY TO WAIT A MINUTE.

MAE

I know. It's late. I'm sorry.

TOM

I really can't talk now.

MAE

Tom, I've got to see you. It's important.

Could you come over now?

TOM

No way.

MAE

What are you doing?

TOM

I'm busy.

MAE

Well, when can you come over?

TOM

I don't know.

MAE

Tomorrow?

TOM

I don't know.

MAE

You better make it tomorrow, Tom.

Believe me, it's important.

TOM

Okay, I've got to go now. Goodbye.

TOM HANGS UP. CAMERA STAYS WITH HIM  
AND MARY.

MARY

Who was it?



TOM

Mae.

MARY

(BRISTLING) Mae Olinsky?

TOM

Yes.

MARY

(MORE SO) Mae Olinsky called you? Here?  
At this hour of the night?

TOM

(LEVELING; UP FRONT; QUIETLY SINCERE)  
Look, Mary. I'm being honest with you.  
I didn't have to tell you it was Mae.  
I could have said it was a wrong number.  
I could have said anything. But I  
didn't. I'm being totally up-front.

MARY

What did she want?

TOM

She wants to see me about something.  
She wants me to come over tomorrow.

MARY

You'll do no such thing.

TOM

Okay. Okay. If you don't want me to  
see her, I won't see her.

MARY

What does she want to see you about?

TOM

I don't know. She didn't tell me what about. All she said is it's important.

MARY

Well, I don't want you to see her.

TOM

Okay. I won't.

MARY

(BEAT) Important?

TOM

Huh?

MARY

She said it's important?

TOM

That's right.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

TOM (CONT'D)

(DISPLEASED) Oh, no. I'm not going to answer it. I don't want to talk to her.

BUT THE PHONE CONTINUES TO RING.

MARY

I'll answer it. (TO PHONE) Now listen, you home wrecker. Don't you ever call here again. I'm going to let Tom see you tomorrow, but after that, leave him alone! He... (IS APPARENTLY INTERRUPTED) What? ... Who?... Charlie?... An accident?... Oh, my God!

FADE OUT.

ACT THREELORETTA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - HALF HOUR LATER (NIGHT)

BED IS UNOCCUPIED. CHARLIE, SOLO, IS  
PACING IN AN ANGUISH OF MISERABLE  
ANXIETY. MOMENT. MARY AND TOM, WHO  
HAVE OBVIOUSLY DRESSED QUICKLY, ENTER.

MARY

How is she?

CHARLIE

I don't know. She's still in the  
operating room.

TOM

(SINCERE SYMPATHY) God, Charlie, I'm  
sorry about this.

MANLY, GOOD-FRIEND TOM SQUEEZES CHARLIE'S  
HAND AND SHOULDER IN DISPLAY OF SOLI-  
DARITY AND SUPPORT.

MARY

How did it happen?

CHARLIE

We got hit by a car full of nuns.

MARY

Nuns?

CHARLIE NODS.

(MORE)



MARY (CONT'D)

That's awful... (SOMEWHAT PUZZLED)

What were nuns doing, driving around in the middle of the night? I thought they only went out in the daytime.

CHARLIE

(WORRIED SICK) I wish that doctor would come out of that operating room and let me know something.

MARY

Charlie, Loretta's going to be all right. I'm sure of it.

CHARLIE

Of course she's going to be all right.

I know that. I know that as well as I know my own name. But that's no reason why I shouldn't worry my head off, is it?

TOM SHRUGS AS IF TO SAY, "I DON'T KNOW."  
CHARLIE CONTINUES TO PACE. FERMIN, IN OPERATING ROOM GREENS, ENTERS. CHARLIE RUSHES TO HIM. MARY AND TOM APPROACH, AS)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

How is she? Is the operation over?

FERMIN TRIES TO PUT A CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH BUT FINDS THAT HE IS STILL WEARING HIS SURGICAL MASK. HE LOWERS MASK, PUTS CIGARETTE IN HIS LIPS.

CHARLIE

Is the operation over? Can I see her?

FERMIN

Not yet. (LIGHTS CIGARETTE) She's in the recovery room.

MARY

Is she all right?

FERMIN

Well... (CHOKES ON CIGARETTE SMOKE. THEN)  
... she has a chance.

CHARLIE

(TO FERMIN) She's got more than a chance!  
She's gonna be all right! She's gonna be  
just fine. If you don't believe that,  
you don't know my Loretta!

MARY

What about the baby?

FERMIN

Ah... the baby.

CHARLIE

(ALARM GROWING AGAIN) Did anything  
happen to the baby?

FERMIN

Well, not exactly.

MARY

(CONFUSED) How could it be not exactly?

CHARLIE

Is Loretta going to have the baby or not?

FERMIN

Well, about the baby. I'm really  
embarrassed about this.

MARY

A doctor embarrassed about babies? Don't be embarrassed, Doctor. We're all adults. We know Loretta is pregnant. Is the baby going to be all right?

FERMIN

I'm afraid you don't understand.

CHARLIE

Don't understand what?

FERMIN

About Mrs. Ferguson.

TOM

Mrs. Ferguson? Who's Mrs. Ferguson?

FERMIN

Oh, I thought you knew her. She's a patient of mine. You sure you don't know her? Joanna Ferguson?" She lives on Elm Street. She's been a patient of mine for eleven years.

CHARLIE

I don't care about Joanna Ferguson.

FERMIN

But I've got to tell you about her.

MARY

Doctor, I know you're under a lot of tension. Being a doctor. All this commotion about malpractice insurance and everything. But just tell Charlie about his baby.



FERMIN

Well, that's what I'm trying to tell you.  
It's not his baby.

CHARLIE

What?? Are you implying my Loretta has  
been unfaithful???

FERMIN

No, no, no. You don't understand.

CHARLIE

Well, tell me! And never mind about  
Mrs. Ferguson.

FERMIN

But I've got to tell you about Mrs.  
Ferguson.

CHARLIE

Why?

FERMIN

Because I seem to have gotten the  
pregnancy tests mixed up.

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

FERMIN

It's Mrs. Ferguson that's having the  
baby.

CHARLIE

What about my wife?

FERMIN

Your wife had a fibroid tumor.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURLORETTA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

LORETTA IN BED, CHARLIE BESIDE HER.

LORETTA

Baby Boy, why don't you go home and get some sleep? You must be plumb tuckered.

CHARLIE

No, no, I'm all right. You're the one who should get some sleep.

LORETTA

Lord, Charlie, I been sleeping. All that stuff they gave me. Chloroform or whatever. I really been sleeping.

CHARLIE

Loretta, there's something I want to tell you.

LORETTA

There's something I want to tell you, too. I been thinking -- under the ether mostly -- that after I become a superstar and the money starts to roll in, we're not gonna spend the money just on ourselves.

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

We're gonna be very charitable. And one thing I'd like to do is open a refuge for unwed pregnant country-western singers.

CHARLIE

You're just too good and kind, Loretta.

LORETTA

I can just see that refuge. All those pregnant little girls with their little stomachs, doing four-part harmony on songs like, "I Don't Know Who Your Father Is But All the Men I Know Are Sweet."

CHARLIE

It's an inspiring picture.

LORETTA

Also, what I've been thinking, I'd like to name the refuge after our baby. I can just see the sign out front, maybe in letters that look like notes, "The Charles Haggars, Junior, Refuge," I'm sure our baby's gonna be a boy.

CHARLIE

Loretta... I've got to tell you something. Serious. About the baby.

LORETTA

(BEGINNING TO BE ALARMED) He's gonna be all right, isn't he?

CHARLIE

Yes. Yes. He's going to be just fine.  
The only thing is: Mrs. Ferguson is  
having him.

LORETTA

Mrs. Ferguson? Who's Mrs. Ferguson?

CHARLIE

She's the one that's having the baby.

LORETTA

Well, we can both have babies, can't we?

CHARLIE

In this case, only she had the baby. You  
had something else.

LORETTA

What?

CHARLIE

A fibroid tumor.

LORETTA

A fibroid tumor???

CHARLIE

There's nothing to worry about. The  
doctor called it benign.

LORETTA

Benign? I wanted to have a baby and call  
it Charlie Hagers, Junior.

FADE OUT.



ACT FIVEMAE'S APARTMENT

MAE, SOLA, WITH HEAVY WORRIES IN HER HEAD, IS DRESSING FOR THE DAY. SHE IS WEARING A FULL SLIP. THE BLOUSE SHE'S PLANNING TO DON IS IN EVIDENCE. SHE STEPS INTO A REAR-ZIPPERED SKIRT, STARTS ZIPPING IT UP, JAMS THE ZIPPER ON HER SLIP, FINDS THAT SHE CAN NEITHER UNJAM THE ZIPPER NOR GET THE SKIRT OFF.

MAE

(STRUGGLING FUTILELY WITH THE ZIPPER) Oh,  
great. This is all I needed.

SHE CONTINUES TO STRUGGLE WITH THE  
JAMMED ZIPPER.

SFX: DOORBELL

MAE (CONT'D)

(CALLS) Who is it?

TOM'S VOICE

Tom.

SHE ADMITS TOM WHO IS IN A RATHER  
ANTAGONISTIC MOOD.

TOM

All right, Mae, what's this important  
thing you have to tell me? Mary knows  
I'm here and she's sore as hell and I  
don't blame her.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

You call me up in the middle of the night  
like the world is coming to an end and  
you get her all upset. What's it all  
about?

MAE

Tom, will you please see if you can get  
this zipper unjammed?

TOM

(ANNOYED) Mae, I have to get to work.

MAE

So do I, but this zipper is jammed in  
my slip and I can't get it closed and I  
can't get the skirt off. Help me. Please.

TOM

Okay, okay.

HE GOES BEHIND HER, KNEELS, STARTS  
WORKING ON THE ZIPPER.

TOM (CONT'D)

All right, let's have it. What's all  
so hell-fired important?

MAE

(LOW IN SPIRIT) All right, I'll tell you.  
But it's going to take a little doing,  
Tom...

TOM

Mae, I haven't got all day. Skip the  
warm up. Just start pitching.

MAE

Well, I told you that you were the only guy at the plant that I ever... you know.

TOM

(IMPATIENT) Yeah, the only one you ever made it with. Okay, okay. You told me.

MAE

It's the truth.

TOM

Uh huh.

MAE

It is, Tom. As a matter of fact, since my divorce, you're the only man I've been with that way. Practically.

TOM

What do you mean, "practically"?

MAE

(FINDING THE GOING DIFFICULT) Well, the week before we first... slept together was my birthday.

TOM

Congratulations.

MAE

When a woman's had as many birthdays as I've had, she doesn't want congratulations.

TOM

Okay.

MAE

And she sure doesn't want to be alone.  
Which is what I've been since my divorce.  
I guess I put on a pretty good act of  
being a happy, carefree kid. (RIDICULES  
HER USE OF THE WORD) "Kid". Some kid.

TOM

Well...

MAE

It's really pretty dreary, working all  
day and then coming home to this dump,  
and something's always on the blink.  
The refrigerator or the can opener or  
something, and cooking is a hassle and  
I don't feel like eating anyway. Who  
wants to have dinner alone every night?

TOM

You get a lot of invitations from the  
guys at the plant.

MAE

Those monkeys. You know what they're  
after.

TOM

Well...

MAE

Well, anyway, I'm not trying to cry on  
your shoulder. I'm just telling you how  
it is.



TOM

Okay, but could you make it a little faster? I don't want to get docked for being late. So far, I haven't heard anything important.

MAE

Well, when it was my last birthday, I was really down in the dumps. I knew two people in this whole town that I halfway felt like spending my birthday with. Lenore; you know, the waitress in the diner on Route Four.

TOM

Yeah. Could you hurry it up?

MAE

And Florence Beidecker, who sings in the church choir. Well, they both had other things to do. So there I was on my birthday, sitting alone in this dump, looking at the walls and wondering whether to cut my wrists or go jump off a bridge.

TOM

I'm sure it wasn't that bad.

MAE

No? Anyway, I was saved by the bell. The telephone bell. You know that union organizer. Frank Garth?

TOM

Yeah, he was in town a few weeks ago.

MAE

That was my birthday. He called me up.  
He was only going to be in town over  
night.

TOM

So?

MAE

So he's the only other man besides you  
that I've been with.

TOM

(RISING) Your zipper's fixed.

MAE

Thanks.

TOM

So you slept with Garth.

MAE

Not because I felt about him the way I  
felt about you.

TOM

He's a nice guy.

MAE

I did it because I couldn't bear to be  
alone that night.

TOM

(MUCH SOFTENED) Look, Mae. You don't  
have to make excuses. Not to me.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I understand. Honest. I didn't know things were so rough with you. I thought you were having a pretty swinging life. I'm sorry for your trouble, Mae. Honest, I am. I like you. I really do. You're a good dame. I wish there was something I could do to make things a little better for you. But you know how it is.

MAE

Yeah.

TOM

But you don't have to apologize about Garth. You didn't even have to tell me about it.

MAE

Yes, I did.

TOM

Well, if it makes you feel any better.

MAE

That's not the point, Tom. The point is that you have to know because when Mr. Garth left, he left something.

TOM

What do you mean?

MAE

I mean he left it and I've got it.

TOM

What? What did he leave? His wallet?  
Something like that?

MAE

No. Nothing like his wallet.

TOM

Then what?

MAE

I guess you men call it a case.

TOM

You mean V.D.?

MAE

Yes.

TOM

(HIS HEART GOING OUT TO HER) Oh, Mae,  
what a lousy rotten shame. God, I'm  
sorry. Hung up all alone on your  
birthday, and then have this happen to  
you.

MAE

Well, not just to me.

TOM

But you said you haven't been with anybody  
else except... (DAWN BREAKS) Oh, no.

MAE

I'm sorry, Tom.

TOM

(DYING) Oh, no.



MAE

Well, there's one good thing at least  
about all this.

TOM

What?

MAE

Since you haven't been having any sex  
with your wife, at least she can't get  
it.

TOM REACTS.

FADE OUT.